



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

2Pac
GREATEST HITS

Tupac - Keep Ya Head Up* Lyrics

Little somethin' for my godson Elijah
And a little girl named Corinne

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice
I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots
I give a holler to my sisters on welfare
Tupac cares, if don't nobody else care

And uhh, I know they like to beat ya down a lot
When you come around the block brothas clown a lot
But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up
Forgive but don't forget, girl keep your head up

And when he tells you you ain't nutting don't believe him
And if he can't learn to love you you should leave him
'Cause sista you don't need him
And I ain't trying to gas ya up, I just call em how I see em

You know it makes me unhappy, what's that
When brothas make babies
And leave a young mother to be a pappy
And since we all came from a woman

Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman
I wonder why we take from our women
Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?
I think it's time to kill for our women

Time to heal our women, be real to our women
And if we don't we'll have a race of babies
That will hate the ladies, that make the babies
And since a man can't make one

He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one
So will the real men get up
I know you're fed up ladies, but keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter
Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter

Aiyyo, I remember Marvin Gaye, used to sing ta me
He had me feeling like black was tha thing to be
And suddenly tha ghetto didn't seem so tough
And though we had it rough, we always had enough

I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the rules
Ran with the local crew, and had a smoke or two
And I realize momma really paid the price
She nearly gave her life, to raise me right

And all I had ta give her was my pipe dream
Of how I'd rock the mic, and make it to tha bright screen
I'm trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
It's hard to be legit and still pay tha rent

And in the end it seems I'm headpin for tha pen
I try and find my friends, but they're blowing in the wind
Last night my buddy lost his whole family
It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity

It seems tha rain'll never let up
I try to keep my head up, and still keep from getting wet up
You know it's funny when it rains it pours
They got money for wars, but can't feed the poor

Say there ain't no hope for the youth and the truth is
It ain't no hope for tha future
And then they wonder why we crazy
I blame my mother, for turning my brother into a crack baby

We ain't meant to survive, 'cause it's a setup
And even though you're fed up
Huh, ya got to keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter
Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter

And uhh, to all the ladies having babies on they own
I know it's kinda rough and you're feeling all alone
Daddy's long gone and he left you by ya lonesome
Thank the Lord for my kids, even if nobody else want em

'Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure
And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more
'Cause ain't nutting worse than when your son
Wants to know why his daddy don't love him no mo'

You can't complain you was dealt this
Hell of a hand without a man, feeling helpless
Because there's too many things for you to deal with
Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless

While tears, is rolling down your cheeks
Ya steady Chopin things don't all down this week
'Cause if it did, you couldn't take it, and don't blame me

I was given this world I didn't make it

And now my son's gotten older and older and cold
From having the world on his shoulders
While the rich kids is driving Benz
I'm still trying to hold on to my surviving friends

And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up, but
Please you got to keep your head up

Tupac - 2 Of Amerikaz Most Wanted Lyrics

Up out of there
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Pump that up, G
Ahh, shit, you done fucked up now

Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
You done put 2 of Americaz most wanted
In the same motherfuckin' place at the same
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party, motherfuckin' time, ha, ha, ha

Y'all niggaz about to feel this
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Break out the champagne glasses and the motherfuckin' condoms
Have one on us, aight? Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture
Bomb the hoochies with precision, my intention's to get richer
With the S N double O P, Dogg, my fuckin' homey
Youse a cold ass nigga on them hogs

Sho' 'nuff, I keep my hand on my gun, 'cuz they got me on the run
Now I'm back in the courtroom waitin' on the outcome
Free Tupac, is all that's on a niggaz mind

But at the same time it seem they tryin' to take mine
So I'ma get smart, and get defensive and shit
And put together a million march, for some gangsta shit

So now they got us laced
Two multimillionaire motherfuckers catchin' cases
Bitches get ready for the throw down, the shit's about to go down
Uh, me and Snoop about to clown

I'm "Losin' My Religion", I'm vicious on these stool pigeons
You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules missin'
Niggaz be actin' like they savage, they out to get the cabbage
I got nuthin' but love for my niggaz livin' lavish

I got a pit named P, she [Unverified]
I got a house out in the hills right next to Chino
And I think I got a black Beamer
But my dream is to own a fly casino

Like Bugsy Seagel, and do it all legal
And get scooped up, by the little homie in the Regal
It feel good to you baby, bubba
Ya see, this is for the G's and the keys, motherfucker

Now follow as we ride
Motherfuck the rest, two of the best from the West side
And I can make you famous
Niggaz been dyin' for years, so how could they blame us?

I live in fear of a felony
I never stop bailin' these, motherfuckin' G's
If ya got it, better flaunt it, another warrant
2 of Amerikaz most wanted

Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Nuthin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Nuthin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party, nuthin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Now give me fifty feet
Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets
And keep whatever's left of me
Jealousy is misery, sufferin' is grief
Better be prepared when you cowards fuck wit me

I bust and flea, these niggaz must be crazy, what?
There ain't no mercy motherfuckers who can fade the Thugs
(Ha Ha right)
You thought it was but it wasn't, now disappear
Bow down in the presence of a boss player

It's like 'cuz blood, gangbangin'
Everybody in the party doin' dope slangin'
You got to have papers in this world
You might get your first snatch, before your eyes swirl

Ya doin' ya job, every day
And then you work so hard til ya hair turn grey
Let me tell you about life, and 'bout the way it is
You see we live by the gun, so we die by the gun's kids

They tell me not to roll with my glock
So now I gotta throw away
Floatin' in the black Benz, tryin' to do a show a day
They wonder how I live, with five shots
Niggaz is hard to kill, on my block

Schemes for currency and doe related
Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it

No answers to questions, I'm tryin' to get up on it
My nigga, Dogg with me, eternally, the most wanted

Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Nuthin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Nuthin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party, nuthin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Tupac - Temptations* Lyrics

Yo Mo Bee main, drop that shit!

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")
[sample repeats until first verse]

You know what time, boo-yaow
I know it's time for you
So grab one by the hand youknowwhat!msayin
And uhh, throw up that finger
Ay yo yo yo throw y'all fingers up!
Thug style baby, Thug style y'know?

[Verse One:]

Tell me baby are you lonely? Don't wanna rush ya
I can help ya if ya only, let me touch ya
If I'm wrong love tell me, cause I get caught up
and the life I live is Hell see, I never thought I'd see
the day when I would calm down, you ain't heard
I've been known to clown and Get Around, that's my word
See you walkin and you lookin good, yes indeed
Got a body like a sex fiend, you're killin me
witcha attitude to match right, don't be phony
cause I hate when you act like, you don't know me
I've be stressin in the spotlight, I want the fame
but the industry's a lot like, a crap game
Ain't no time for commitment, I gotta go
Can't be wit you every minute miss, another show
And even though I'm known for my one night stand
I wanna be an honest man, but temptations go...

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")
[sample repeats until second verse]

Throw up the finger!
And all my homies go..
Throw them the finger!
Ya know what baby it's like

[singing]

I know you've been searchin for someone
To make you happy, and get the job done
You say you need it, a man with money
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[Verse Two:]

Will I cheat or will I be committed, heaven knows
Gettin weak and I wanna hit it, so here I go
in my ride and I'm all in, gettin high
I can hear the people callin, I'm passin by
Everybody knows I'm ball-in, and to God
Gotta keep myself from fall-in, but it's hard
All the cuties know I'm under pressure, what do I do
Gettin shaky when she pull the dress up, and say it's cool
Should I stroke or should I wait a while, you decide
If you tell me that you don't want it, that's a lie
Move close and let me whisper, some dirty words
in your ears as I kiss ya, on every curve
Slow down baby don't rush, I like it slow
Can't hold it any longer, so let it go
Open the gates, do you wanna fall up in heaven
Don't worry, I let myself in, all I heard was...

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")
[sample repeats until third verse]

Give em the finger!
All my homies go..
Throw your fingers up!
That's just the Thug in me girl, you know
Peep out all my homies, y'know, it's like

[singing]
I know you've been searchin for someone
To make you happy, and get the job done
You say you need it, a man with money
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[Verse Three:]

A lot of people think it's easy, to settle down
Got a woman that'll please me, in every town
I don't wanna but I gotta do it, the temptation
got me ready to release the fluid, sensation
sit down and conversate like you know me, take my hand
Cause even Thugs get lonely, understand
Even the hardest of my homies need attention
Catch you blowin up the telephone, reminiscin
I wanna take you to the movies, and the park
Let's find a spot for you to do me, in the dark
Now that it's passion, hold me tight
Don't need lights, I can see you by the moonlight
I know your man ain't lovin you right
You're lonely and depressed you need a Thug in your life
Enough talkin, you want me to leave, I'll get to walkin
See you later, cause baby I'm a player, and all I heard was

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")

[sample repeats until the end]

Give em the finger
And all my homies go.. yo this how we gonna do this in the nine-trey y'know?
Throw your fingers up
Y'know? They gonna peep this, this how we run game on you

[singing]
Everybody, heyy, alright
Heyy, heyyyeah, heyyayyyy, ohh

[2Pac]
All my niggaz go
Uptown in the
Give em the finger!
Throw your hands up
Give em the finger!

Tupac - God Bless The Dead Lyrics

Rest in peace to my mothafucka biggie smalls
That's right boy, it's goin' on
Right here, thug life
God bless the dead

God bless the dead and buried nigga
Don't worry if you see God first tell him shit got worse
I ain't mad, I know you're representin' the crew
And I can picture you in Heaven with a blunt and a brew

Fuck the world, pain was a part of the game
If you a baller, money went as quick as it came
My role models gone or they locked in the pen
Straight hustlas, caught up in the whirlwind

The other day, I thought I seen my homeboy biggie
Sayin', "Shit don't stop, nigga, no pity"
We all hoods and all we ever had was dreams
Money makin' mothafuckas plot scandalous schemes

In the gutter, you learn to have a criminal mind
I was addicted to tryin', never meant to do time
My epitaph will read was the last of G's
Kicked the shit to make the white man bleed
God bless the dead, that's right

God bless the dead
God bless the dead
God bless the dead

Man, ain't nobody promised me a thang
I been caught up in this game
Ever since I was a little motherfucka wantin' to hang
I can see 'em in my head, pow

Memories of my nigga but he dead now
Lookin' back in my year book all the years took
Half my peers, they're stretched for years
And if I die will they all shed tears

Two to the dome, leave me alone, let me get my head clear
Paranoid got me lookin' in the mirror
Behind me, life without my nine, I'd rather do the time
See I'm old enough to know that ain't no justice

Fuck the police and all the courts same way they fucked us
And why the hell am I locked in jail

They let them white boys free
We be shocked as hell

In my mind I can see it comin'
And all the time it's a plot to keep a nigga runnin'
By keepin' gun and never run unless I'm comin' at ya
Cry later but for now let's enjoy the laughter
God bless the dead, that's right

God bless the dead
God bless the dead

Rest in peace to all the motherfuckas that passed too early
All the young motherfuckas that was took in they prime
Real motherfuckin' Gz, this one is for you
Yo stretch, biggie

Yo big this is to you my nigga
Springfield Hollis crew, thug life, Y G'z
Sendin' they respect, you know I mean?
You my nigga for life, forever
You're always gonna be with a nigga
No matter what, don't forget that

I pray before I go to sleep
Dear God save my place before I start to eat, 'cause times is hard
So I'm covered to my knees, oh why?
Why you had to take my nigga with the rock I buy?

You had to take a good one, a ghetto hood son, Uzi weighin' a ton
Niggas terrified of comin' from the young gun
Hearin' that they did it outta fear don't amaze me
But it's mind blowin', so I'm flowin' goin' crazy

Slip for cock the gun but he didn't run like a punk
He shoulda had the gauze in the trunk
For spunk is what he had, kid, I'd ratha attack big
Now ya 'bout to smell the aftermath of what the Mack did

Wannabe suckers wanna test, I'm tellin' you, yes
The Teflon's bout to rip through your fuckin' vest
Guess who? I'll make a mess of your crew
Quick the spirit biggie smalls and the comin'on clique, yeah

God bless the dead
God bless the dead
God bless the dead
God bless the dead

Tupac - Hail Mary M_* Lyrics

(feat. Castro, Young Noble, Prince Ital)

[Makaveli]

Makaveli in this... Killuminati, all through your body
The blow's like a twelve gauge shotty
Uh, feel me!
And God said he should send his one begotten son
to lead the wild into the ways of the man
Follow me; eat my flesh, flesh and my flesh

[Chorus (Makaveli):]

Come with me, Hail Mary
Run quick see, what do we have here
Now, do you wanna ride or die
La dadada, la la la la

[Makaveli]

I ain't a killer but don't push me
Revenge is like the sweetest joy next to getting pussy
Picture paragraphs unloaded, wise words being quoted
Peeped the weakness in the rap game and sewed it
Bow down, pray to God hoping that he's listening
Seeing niggas coming for me, to my diamonds, when they glistening
Now pay attention, rest in peace father
I'm a ghost in these killing fields
Hail Mary catch me if I go, let's go deep inside
the solitary mind of a madman who screams in the dark
Evil lurks, enemies, see me flee
Activate my hate, let it break, to the flame
Set trip, empty out my clip, never stop to aim
Some say the game is all corrupted, fucked in this shit
Stuck, niggas is lucky if we bust out this shit, plus
mama told me never stop until I bust a nut
Fuck the world if they can't adjust
It's just as well, Hail Mary

[Chorus 2X]

[Makaveli]

Penitentiaries is packed with promise makers
Never realize the precious time the bitch niggas is wasting
Institutionalized I lived my life a product made to crumble
But too hardened for a smile, we're too crazy to be humble, we balling
Catch me father please, cause I'm falling, in the liquor store
That's the Hennessy I hear ya calling, can I get some more?
Hail 'til I reach Hell, I ain't scared
Mama checking in my bedroom; I ain't there

I got a head with no screws in it, what can I do
One life to live but I got nothing to lose, just me and you
on a one way trip to prison, selling drugs
We all wrapped up in this living, life as Thugs
To my homeboys in Clinton Max, doing they bid
Raise hell to this real shit, and feel this
When they turn out the lights, I'll be down in the dark
Thuggin eternal through my heart, now Hail Mary nigga

[Chorus 2X]

[Kastro]

They got a APB, out on my Thug family
Since the Outlawz run these streets, like these skanless freaks
Our enemies die now, walk around half dead
Head down, K blasted off Hennessee and Thai
Trying it, mixed it, now I'm twisted blisted and high
Visions of me, Thug living getting me by
Forever live, and I multiply survived by Thugs
When I die they won't cry unless they coming with slugs

[Young Noble]

Peep the whole scene and whatever's going on around me
Brain kinda cloudy, smoked out feeling rowdy
Ready to wet the party up, and whoever in that motherfucker
Nasty new street, slugger my heat seeks suckers
on the regular mashing in a stolen black Ac Integ-ra
Cock back, sixty seconds 'til the draw that's when I'm dead in ya
Feet first, you got a nice gat but my heat's worse
From a Thug to preaching church, I gave you love now you eating dirt
Needing work, and I ain't the nigga to put you on
Cause word is bond when I was broke I had to hustle 'til dawn
That's when sun came up, there's only one way up
hold ya head and stay up, to all my niggas get ya pay and weight up

[Kastro]

If it's on then it's on, we break beat-breaks
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate
to this shit I don't got, be the shit I gotta take
Dealing with fate, hoping God don't close the gate
If it's on then it's on, we break beat-breaks
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate
to this shit I don't got, be the shit I gotta take
Dealing with fate, hoping God don't close the gate

[Chorus (repeats in background)]

[Prince Ital]

We've been traveling on this wayward road
Long time 'til I be take a 'eavy load
But we ride, ride it like a bullet
Hail Mary, Hail Mary

We won't worry everything will come real
Free like the bird in the tree
We won't worry everything will come real
Yes we free like the bird in the tree
We running from the penitentiary
This is the time for we liberty
Hail Mary, Hail Mary

[Chorus]

[Makaveli]

Westside, Outlawz, Makaveli the Don, Solo, Killuminati, The 7 Days

Tupac - Me Against The World* Lyrics

It's just me against the world
It's just me against the world baby
I've got nothing to lose, it's just me against the world
Stuck in the game, me against the world baby

Can you picture my prophecy? Stress in the city, the cops is hot for me
The projects is full of bullets, the bodies is dropping
There ain't no stopping me, constantly moving while making millions
Witnessing killings, leaving dead bodies in abandoned buildings

Carries to children 'cause they're illing
Addicted to killing and the appeal from the cap peeling
Without feeling but will they last or be blasted?
Hard headed bastard, maybe he'll listen in his casket, the aftermath

More bodies being buried, I'm losing my homies in a hurry
They're relocating to the cemetery
Got me worried, stressing, my vision's blurred
The question is will I live? No one in the world loves me

I'm headed for danger, don't trust strangers
Put one in the chamber whenever I'm feeling this anger
Don't wanna make excuses 'cause this is how it is
What's the use unless we're shooting no one notices the youth
It's just me against the world baby

Me against the world, it's just me against the world
It's just me against the world, me against the world
'Cause it's just me against the world baby
Me against the world, I've got nothing to lose
It's just me against the world baby, I've got nothing to lose

Could somebody help me? I'm out here all by myself
See ladies in stores, Baby Capone's, living wealthy
Pictures of my birth on this Earth is what I'm dreaming
Seeing Daddy's semen, full of crooked demons, already crazy

And screaming I guess them nightmares as a child
Had me scared but left me prepared for a while
Is there another route? For a crooked Outlaw
Veteran, a villain, a young thug, who one day shall fall

Everyday there's mo' death and plus I'm dough-less
I'm seeing mo' reasons for me to proceed with thieving
Scheme on the scheming and leave they peeps grieving
'Cause ain't no bucks to stack up, my nuts is backed up

I'm 'bout to act up, go load the Mac up, now watch me klacka
Tried making fat cuts but yo it ain't working
And Evil's lurking, I can see him smirking when I gets to pervin'
So what? Go put some work in and make my mail, making sales
Risking 25 with a 'L' but, oh well

Me against the world with nothing to lose
It's just me against the world, it's just me against the world baby
Me against the world, I've got nothing to lose
It's just me against the world, it's just me against the world baby
With nothing to lose, it's just me against the world baby
Me against the world, me against the world
I've got nothing to lose, it's just me against the world baby

With all this extra stressing
The question I wonder is after death, after my last breath
When will I finally get to rest? Through this suppression
They punish the people that's asking questions

And those that possess, steal from the ones without possessions
The message I stress to make it stop study your lessons
Don't settle for less even the genius asks questions
Be grateful for blessings, don't ever change, keep your essence

The power is in the people and politics we address
Always do your best, don't let the pressure make you panic
And when you get stranded and things don't go the way you planned it
Dreaming of riches, in a position of making a difference

Politicians and hypocrites, they don't wanna listen
If I'm insane, it's the fame made a brother change
It wasn't nothing like the game
It's just me against the world

Me against the world, nothing to lose
It's just me against the world baby, me against the world
Got me stuck in the game, it's just me against the world
I'd be ashamed to lose, it's just me against the world baby
Me against the world

That's right, I know it seem hard sometimes but uhh
Remember one thing, through every dark night
There's a bright day after that
So no matter how hard it get, stick your chest out
Keep your head up and handle it

Me against the world
Me against the world
Me against the world

Tupac - How Do You Want It? Lyrics

(feat. K-Ci and JoJo)

[Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo]

How do you want it? How does it feel?
Comin up as a nigga in the cash game
livin in the fast lane; I'm for real
How do you want it? How do you feel?
Comin up as a nigga in the cash game
livin in the fast lane; I'm for real

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Love the way you activate your hips and push your ass out
Got a nigga wantin it so bad I'm bout to pass out
Wanna dig you, and I can't even lie about it
Baby just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it
Catch you at a club, oh shit you got me fiendin
Body talkin shit to me but I can't comprehend the meaning
Now if you wanna roll with me, then here's your chance
Doin eighty on the freeway, police catch me if you can
Forgive me i'm a rider, still I'm just a simple man
All I want is money, fuck the fame I'm a simple man
Mr. International, playa with the passport
Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask for
It's either him or me -- champagne, Hennessey
A favorite of my homies when we floss, on our enemies
Witness as we creep to a low speed, peep what a hoe need
Puff some mo' weed, funk, ya don't need
Approachin hoochies with a passion, been a long day
But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way
Your body is bangin baby I love it when you flaunt it
Time to give it to daddy nigga now tell me how you want it
(Tell me how you want it! La-dy, yeahhhyeah)

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

Tell me is it cool to fuck?
Did you think I come to talk am I a fool or what?
Positions on the floor it's like erotic, ironic
cause I'm somewhat psychotic
I'm hittin switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics
Up and down like a roller coaster, I'm up inside ya
I ain't quittin til the show is over, cause I'ma rider
In and out just like a robbery, I'll probably be a freak

and let you get on top of me, get her rockin these
Nights full of Alize, a livin legend
You ain't heard about these niggaz play these Cali days
Delores Tucker, youse a motherfucker
Instead of tryin to help a nigga you destroy a brother
Worse than the others -- Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole
You're too old to understand the way the game is told
You're lame so I gotta hit you with the hot facts
Want some on lease? I'm makin millions, niggaz top that
They wanna censor me; they'd rather see me in a cell
livin in hell -- only a few of us'll live to tell
Now everybody talkin bout us I could give a fuck
I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss
Nigga tell me how you want it

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

Raised as a youth, tell the truth I got the scoop
on how to get a bulletproof, because I jumped from the roof
before I was a teenager, mobile phone, SkyPager
Game rules, I'm livin major -- my adversaries
is lookin worried, they paranoid of gettin buried
One of us gon' see the cemetary
My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive
Gettin high, see the demons in my eyes, before I die
I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million
And then I'm chillin fade em all, these taxes
got me crossed up and people tryin to sue me
Media is in my business and they actin like they know me
Hahaha, but I'ma mash out, peel out
I'm with it quick I'se quick to whip that fuckin steel out
Yeah nigga it's some new shit so better get up on it
When ya see me tell a nigga how ya want it
How do you want it?

[Chorus 2X]

[2Pac]

How you want it?
Yeah my nigga Johnny J
Yeah, we out

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Tell me

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Cash game, livin in the fast lane, I'm for real

Tupac - So Many Tears* Lyrics

I shall not fear no man but God
Though I walk through the valley of death
I shed so many tears (if I should die before I wake)
Please God walk with me (grab a nigga and take me to Heaven)

Back in elementary, I thrived on misery
Left me alone I grew up amongst a dyin breed
Inside my mind couldn't find a place to rest
until I got that Thug Life tatted on my chest
Tell me can you feel me? I'm not livin in the past, you wanna last
Be tha first to blast, remember Kato
No longer with us he's deceased
Call on the sirens, seen him murdered in the streets
Now rest in peace
Is there heaven for a G? Remember me
So many homies in the cemetery, shed so many tears

Ahh, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears..
Lord, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now that I'm strugglin in this business, by any means
Label me greedy gettin green, but seldom seen
And fuck the world cause I'm cursed, I'm havin visions
of leavin here in a hearse, God can you feel me?
Take me away from all the pressure, and all the pain
Show me some happiness again, I'm goin blind
I spend my time in this cell, ain't livin well
I know my destiny is Hell, where did I fail?
My life is in denial, and when I die,
baptized in eternal fire I'll shed so many tears

Lord, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears..
Lord, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now I'm lost and I'm weary, so many tears
I'm suicidal, so don't stand near me
My every move is a calculated step, to bring me closer
to embrace an early death, now there's nothin left
There was no mercy on the streets, I couldn't rest
I'm barely standin, bout to go to pieces, screamin peace
And though my soul was deleted, I couldn't see it
I had my mind full of demons tryin to break free
They planted seeds and they hatched, sparkin the flame
inside my brain like a match, such a dirty game
No memories, just a misery
Paintin a picture of my enemies killin me, in my sleep
Will I survive til the mo'nin, to see the sun

Please Lord forgive me for my sins, cause here I come...

Lord, I suffered through the years (God) and shed so many tears..
God, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Lord knows I.. tried, been a witness to homicide
Seen drivebys takin lives, little kids die
Wonder why as I walk by
Broken-hearted as I glance at the chalk line, gettin high
This ain't the life for me, I wanna change
But ain't no future right for me, I'm stuck in the game
I'm trapped inside a maze
See this Tanqueray influenced me to gettin crazy
Disillusioned lately, I've been really wantin babies
so I could see a part of me that wasn't always shady
Don't trust my lady, cause she's a product of this poison
I'm hearin noises, think she fuckin all my boys, can't take no more
I'm fallin to the floor; beggin for the Lord to let me in
to Heaven's door -- shed so many tears
(Dear God, please let me in)

Lord, I've lost so many years, and shed so many tears..
I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears
Lord, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears..
God, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Tupac - Unconditional Love Lyrics

(What y'all want?)
Unconditional Love (no doubt)
Talking bout the stuff that don't wear off
It don't fade
It'll last for all these crazy days
These crazy nights
Whether you wrong or you right
I'm a still love you
Still feel you
Still there for you
No matter what (hehe)
You will always be in my heart
With unconditional love

[Verse One:]

Come listen to my truest thoughts, my truest feelings
All my peers doing years beyond drug dealing
How many caskets can we witness
Before we see it's hard to live
This life without God, so we must ask forgiveness
Ask mama why i got this urge to die
Witness the tears falling free from my eyes
Before she could reply
Though we were born without a silver spoon
My broken down TV, show cartoons in my living room (hey)
One day I hope to make it
A player in this game
Mama don't cry, long as we try
Maybe things change
Perhaps it's just a fantasy
A life where we don't need no welfare
Shit with our whole family
Maybe it's me that caused it
The fighting and the hurting
In my room crying cause I didn't want to be a burden
Watch mama open up her arms to hug me
And I ain't worried bout a damn thang, with unconditional love

[Chorus: 2x]

In this game the lesson's in your eyes to see
Though things change, the future's still inside of me
We must remember that tomorrow comes after the dark
So you will always be in my heart, with unconditional love

[Verse Two:]

Just got the message you've been calling all week
Been out here hustling on these streets, ain't had a chance to speak
But you know, with you and me it's on G
We could never be enemies, cause you been such a good friend to me
Where would I be without my dogs
No wonder why when times get hard
Cause it ain't easy being who we are
Driven by my ambitions, desire higher positions
So I proceed to make Gs, eternally in my mission
Is to be more than just a rap musician
The elevation of today's generation
If could make 'em listen
Prison ain't what we need, no longer stuck in greed
Time to play and strategize, my family's gotta eat
When we make somethin out of nothing
No pleasure in the suffering, neighborhood would be good
If they could cut out all the busting
The liquor and the weed the cussing
Sending love out to my block
The struggle never stops (unconditional love)

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

I'll probably never understand ya ways
With everyday I swear I hear ya
Trying to change your ways while gettin paid at the same time
Just had a baby with the same eyes
Something inside, please let me die these are strange times
How come I never made it
Maybe it's the way the played it in my heart
I knew one day I gotta be a star
My hopes and all my wishes
So many vivid pictures, and all the currency
I'll never even get to see
This fast life soon shatters
Cause after all the lights and screams
Nothing but my dreams matter
Hoping for better days
Maybe a peaceful night, baby don't cry
Cause everythang gonna be alright
Just lay your head on my shoulder
Don't worry bout a thang baby
Girl I'm a soldier (huh)
Never treated me bad, no matter who I was
You still came with that, unconditional love

[Chorus 3x until fade]

Tupac - Trapped Lyrics

You know they got me trapped in this prison of seclusion
Happiness, living on tha streets is a delusion
Even a smooth criminal one day must get caught
Shot up or shot down with tha bullet that he bought
Nine millimeter kickin' thinking about what tha streets do
to me

Cause they never talk peace in tha black community
All we know is violence, do tha job in silence
Walk tha city streets like a rat pack of tyrants
Too many brothers daily heading for tha big pen
Niggas comin' out worse often when they went in
Over tha years I done alot of growin' up

Getten drunk thrown' up, cuffed up
Then I said I had enough
There must be another route, way out
To money and fame, I changed my name
And played a different game
Tired of being trapped in this vicious cycle

If one more cop harasses me I just might go psycho
And when I gettem, I'll hittem with tha bum rush
Only a lunatic would like to see his skull crushed
Yo, if your smart you'll really let me go G
But keep me cooped up in this ghetto and catch tha Uzi
They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
They got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)
(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
You know they got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)

They got me trapped
Can barely walk tha city streets
Without a cop harassing me, searching me
Then asking my identity
Hands up, throw me up against tha wall
Didn't do a thing at all

I'm tellin' you one day these suckers gotta fall
Cuffed up throw me on tha concrete
Coppers try to kill me
But they didn't know this was tha wrong street
Bang bang, down another casualty
But it's a cop who's shot there's brutality

Who do you blame?
It's a shame because tha man's slain
He got caught in tha chains of his own game
How can I feel guilty after all tha things they did to me
Sweated me, hunted me
Trapped in my own community

One day I'm gonna bust
Blow up on this society
Why did ya lie to me?
I couldn't find a trace of equality
Work me like a slave while they laid back

Homie don't play that
It's time I lett'em suffer tha payback
I'm tryin' to avoid physical contact
I can't hold back, it's time to attack Jack
They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
They got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)
(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
You know they got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)

Now I'm trapped and want to find a getaway
All I need is a G and somewhere safe to stay
Can't use tha phone
Cause I'm sure someone is tappin' in
Did it before
Ain't scared to use my gat again

I look back at hind site the fight was irrelevant
But now he's tha devils friend
Too late to be tellin' him
He shot first and I'll be damned if I run away
Homie is done away I should of put my gun away

I wasn't thinkin' all I heard was tha ridicule

Girlies was laughin', Tup sayin "Damn homies is dissin you"

I fired my weapon

Started steppin' in tha hurricane

I got shot so I dropped

Feelin' a burst of pain

Got to my feet

Couldn't see nothin' but bloody blood

Now I'm a fugitive to be hunted like a murderer

Ran through an alley

Still lookin' for my getaway

Coppers said freeze, or you'll be dead today

Trapped in a corner

Dark and I couldn't see tha light

Thoughts in my mind was tha nine and a better life

What do I do?

Live my life in a prison cell

I'd rather die than be trapped in a living hell

They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)

(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)

They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)

(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)

(Trapped uh)

(Trapped uh)

(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)

You know they got me trapped

(Trapped uh)

(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)

(Trapped uh)

[incomprehensible]

Let's go man, let's go, get outta here, trapped

[incomprehensible]

Tupac - Life Goes On* Lyrics

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

How many brothas fell victim to tha streetz
Rest in peace young nigga, there's a Heaven for a 'G'
Be a lie, If I told ya that I never thought of death
My niggas, we tha last ones left
But life goes on.....

[Verse One:]

As I bail through tha empty halls
Breath stinkin'
In my jaws
Ring, ring, ring
Quiet y'all
Incoming call
Plus this my homie from high school
He's getting bye
It's time to bury another brotha nobody cry
Life as a baller
Alchol and booty calls
We usta do them as adolescents
Do you recall?
Raised as g's
Loc'ed out and blazed the weed
Get on tha roof
Let's get smoked out
And blaze with me
2 in tha morning
And we still high assed out
Screamin' 'thug till I die'
Before I passed out
But now that your gone
I'm in tha zone
Thinkin'
'I don't wanna die all alone'
But now ya gone
And all I got left are stinkin' memories
I love them niggas to death
I'm drinkin' Hennessy
While tryin' ta make it last
I drank a 5th for that ass
When you passed....
Cause life goes on

[Chorus]

[Verse Two:]

Yeah nigga
I got tha word as hell
Ya blew trial and tha judge gave you
25 with an L
Time to prepare to do fed time
Won't see parole
Imagine life as a convict
That's gotten' old
Plus with tha drama
We're lookin out for your babies mama
Taken risks, while keepin' cheap tricks from gettin on her...
Life in tha hood...
Is all good for nobody
Remember gamin' on dumb hoties at chill parties
Me and you
No true a two
While scheming on hits
And gettin tricks
That maybe we can slide into
But now you buried
Rest nigga
Cause I ain't worried
Eyes blurred
Sayin' goodbye at the cemetary
Tho' memories fade
I got your name tated on my arm
So we both ball till' my dying days
Before I say goodbye
Kato and Mental rest in peace
Thug till I die

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

Bury me smilin'
With G's in my pocket
Have a party at my funeral
Let every rapper rock it
Let tha hoes that I usta know
From way before
Kiss me from my head to my toe
Give me a paper and a pen
So I can write about my life of sin
A couple bottles of Gin
Incase I don't get in
Tell all my people i'm a Ridah
Nobody cries when we die
We outlaws
Let me ride

Until I get free
I live my life in tha fast lane
Got police chasen me
To my niggas from old blocks
From old crews
Niggas that guided me through
Back in tha old school
Pour out some liquor
Have a toast for tha homies
See we both gotta die
But ya chose to go before me
And brothas miss ya while your gone
You left your nigga on his own
How long we mourn
Life goes on...

[Chorus repeats to end]
[sung overtop repeating chorus]

Life goes on homie
Gone on, cause they passed away
Niggas doin' life
Niggas doin' 50 and 60 years and shit
I feel ya nigga, trust me
I feel ya
You know what I mean
Last year
We poured out liquor for ya
This year nigga, life goes on
We're gonna clock now
Get money
Evade bitches
Evade tricks
Give players plenty space
And basicaly just represent for you baby
Next time you see your niggas
Your gonna be on top nigga
Their gonna be like,
'Goddamn, them niggas came up'
That's right baby
Life goes on....
And we up out this bitch
Hey Kato, Mental
Y'all niggas make sure it's popin' when we get up there
Don't front.

Tupac - Hit 'Em Up* Lyrics

[Tupac]

I ain't got no motherfucking friends
That's why I fucked your bitch
You're fat motherfucker {Take Money}
West Side
Bad Boy Killers {Take Money}
You know who the realist is
niggas we bring it to {Take Money}
(ha ha, that's alright)

First off, fuck your bitch
And the click you claim
West side when we ride
Come equipped with game
You claim to be a player
But I fucked your wife
We bust on Bad Boys
niggas fuck for Life
Plus Puffy tryin' to see me weak
Hearts I rip
Biggie Smalls and Junior Mafia
Some mark ass bitches
We keep on coming
While we running for your jewels
Steady gunning
Keep on busting at them fools
You know the rules
Little Ceasar go ask you homie
How I'll leave you
Cut your young ass up
See you in pieces
Now be deceased
Little Kim,
Don't fuck around with real G's
Quick to snatch your ugly ass, off the streets
So fuck peace
I'll let them niggas know
It's on for Life
Don't let the west side
Ride the night (ha ha)
Bad Boys murdered on Wax and kill
fuck with me
And get your caps peeled
You know, see

[Chorus:]

Grab your glocks when you see 2pac

Call the cops when you see 2pac, uh
Who shot me,
But your punks didn't finish
Now you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace
nigga, I hit 'em up

Check this out
You motherfuckers know what time it is
I don't know why I'm even on this track
You all niggas ain't even on my level
I'm going to let my little homies
Ride on you
bitch made ass Bad Boys bitches
{ah yo, yo, hold the fuck up}

Get out the way yo
Get out the way yo
Biggie Smalls just got dropped
Little move pass the mac
And let me hit 'em in his back
Frank White needs to get spanked right
For setting up traps
Little accident murderers
And I ain't never heard of you
Poise less gats attack when I'm serving you
Spank the shank
Your whole style when I gank
Guard your rank
'cause I'm a slam your ass in a pang
Puffy weaker than a fuckin' block
I'm running through nigga
And I'm smoking Junior Mafia
In front of you nigga
With the ready power
Tucked in my Guess
Under my Eddie Bauer
Your clout petty sour
I push packages ever hour
I hit 'em up

[Chorus]

Peep how we do it
Keep it real
Its penitentiary steel
This ain't no freestyle battle
All you niggas getting killed
With your mouths open
Tryin' to come up off of me
You and the clouds hoping
Smoking dope
It's like a Sherm high

niggas think they learned to fly
But they burn motherfucker you deserve to die
Talking about you Getting Money
But it's funny to me
All you niggas living bummy
While you fucking with me?
I'm a self made Millionaire
Thug livin', out of prison
Pistols in the Air {Air} (Ha Ha)
Biggie remember when I use to let you sleep on the couch
And beg the bitch to let you sleep in the house
Now it's all about Versace
You copied my style
Five shots couldn't drop me
I took it and smiled
Now I'm back to set the record straight
With my A-K
I'm still the thug that you love to hate
Mother-fucker I'll Hit 'Em Up

I'm from N E W Jers.
Where plenty of murder occurs
No points to come
We bring drama to all you herds
Now go check the scenario
Little Ceas'
I'll bring you fake G's to your knees
Coppin' please with these scenario
Little Kim is you
Coked up or doped up
Get your little Junior Whopper click smoked up
What the fuck?
Is you stupid?
I take money,
crash and mash through Brooklyn
With my click looting, shooting, and polluting your block
With fifteen shot,
Cocked glock to your knot
Outlaw Mafia click moving up another notch
And your Pop stars popped and get dropped and mopped
And all your fake ass east coast props
Brainstormed and locked

You're a beat biter
Pac style taker
I'll tell you to face, you ain't nothing shit but a faker
So fill the Alize with a chaser
'bout to get murdered for the paper
E.d.i I mean post the scene of the caper
Like a loc, with little Ceas' in a choke (uh)
Toting smoke, we ain't no motherfuckin' joke
Thug Life, niggas better be known

Be approaching
In the wide open, gun smoking
No need for hoping
It's a battle lost
I gottem crossed as soon as the funk is bopping off
nigga, I hit 'em up

Now you tell me who won
I see them, they run (ha ha)
They don't wanna see us
Whole Junior Mafia click
Dressing up trying to be us
How the fuck they gonna be the Mob?
When we always on out job
We millionaire's
Killing ain't fair
But somebody got to do it

Oh yah Mobb Deep (uh)
You wanna fuck with us
You Little young ass motherfuckers
Don't one of you niggas got sickle-cell or something
You're fucking with me, nigga?
You fuck around and catch a seizure or a heart-attack
You better back the fuck up
Before you get smacked the fuck up
This is how we do it on our side
Any of you niggas from New York that want to bring it,
Bring it.
But we ain't singing,
We bringing drama
fuck you and your mother fucking mama.
We're gonna kill all you mother fuckers.
Now when I came out, I told you it was just about biggie.
Then everybody had to open their mouth with a mother fucking opinion
Well this is how we gonna' do this:
fuck Mobb Deep,
fuck Biggie,
fuck Bad Boy as a staff, record label, and as a mother fucking crew.
And if you want to be down with Bad Boy,
Then fuck you too.
Chino XL, fuck you too.
All you mother fuckers,
fuck you too.
(take money, take money)
All of y'all mother fuckers,
fuck you, die slow motherfucker.
My four four (.44 magnum) make sure all your kids don't grow.
You motherfuckers can't be us or see us.
We mother fuckin' Thug Life riders.
West Side till' we die.
Out here in California, nigga

We warned ya'
We'll bomb on you mother fuckers.
We do our job.
You think you the mob, nigga, we the motherfuckin' mob
Ain't nothing but killers
And the real niggas, all you motherfuckers feel us.
Our shit goes triple and four quadruple
You niggas laugh 'cause our staff got guns under they motherfuckin' belts
You know how it is and we drop records they felt
You niggas can't feel it
We the realist
fuck 'em.
We Bad Boy killers.

Tupac - Troublesome 96' Lyrics

Troublesome,
Nineteen muthafuckin' 96'
West side, let it be known, nigga
Boss of all bosses, Makaveli

Menacin' methods label me a lethal weapon
Making niggas die, witnessin' breathless imperfections
Can you picture my specific plan to be the man in this wicked land
Under handed hits are planned, scams are plotted over grams of rock
Undercover agents die by the random shots, we all die in the end

So revenge, I swore, I was all about my ends, fuck friends and foes
Me, a born leader, never leave the block without my, my heata
Got me a dog, named him Mobb Bitch Nigga Eata
What could they do to me that little brat? Shit them, niggas

That shot me and still terrified I'll get their ass, how can I show you
How I feel inside? We outlawz motherfuckas, can't kill my pride
Niggas, talk a lot of shit but that's after I'm gone 'cause they fear me
In physical form, let it be known, I'm troublesome

All ya niggas die, put it down to the fullest
Spittin' rhymes and bullets, troublesome, I know what time it is
Call the punk police please, they cant stop us niggas run the streets

Troublesome, gutter ways my mentality is ghetto
We're guerrillas in this criminal war, we all rebels
Death before dishonor bet on bomb on them first niggas
We came for murder, pullin' up in a hearse
Westside was the war cry bustin' all freely screaming fuck

All y'all niggas in Swahili, pistol packin' fresh out of jail
I ain't goin' back, release me to care of my heartless strap
Say my name three times like candy man, bet I roll on your ass
Like an avalanche, a soul survivor, learned to get high
And pull drive bys, murder my foes, can't control my nine

Hearin' thoughts of my enemies pleadin' please
Busta ass motherfuckas tried to flee, picture me lettin'
This chump survive, redin' up on his ass when I'm doped
He die, 'cause I'm troublesome

All ya niggas, die young, strapped and I don't give a fuck
I'm hopeless, I live a thug life loosin' my focus, baby
I'm troublesome, bad boy killa, there is no one realla
What you saw was the rough, rugged and raw, outlaw

Murder, murder my mind states shit ain't change
Since my last rhyme, the crime rate ain't decline
Niggas bustin' shots like they lost their mind
Like twenty-five to life never crossed their mind
Tell me young nigga never learned a thang

Dead at thirteen 'cause he yearned to bang
Sent a lot of flowers but how can I cry
Tried to warn the little nigga, either stop or die
Mercy is for the weak when I speak, I scream
Afraid to sleep I'm havin' crazy dreams

Vivid pictures of my enemies and family times
God to forgive me 'cause it's wrong but I plan to die
You can take me to heaven and understand I was a G
Did the best I could, raised in insanity or send me to hell
'Cause I ain't beggin' for my life, ain't nothing worse
Than this cursed ass hopeless life, I'm troublesome

All ya niggas die in your wildest dreams
You couldn't picture a nigga like me, I'm troublesome

Tupac - Brenda's Got A Baby Lyrics

Brenda's got a baby
Brenda's got a baby

I hear Brenda's got a baby well, Brenda's barely got a brain
A damn shame the girl can hardly spell her name
That's not our problem, that's up to Brenda's family
Well let me show you how it affects the whole community
Now Brenda never really knew her moms and her dad was a junky
Went in debt to his arms, it's sad 'cause I bet Brenda doesn't even know
Just 'cause your in the ghetto doesn't mean you can't grow
But oh, that's a thought, my own revelation

Do whatever it takes to resist the temptation
Brenda got herself a boyfriend, her boyfriend was her cousin
Now let's watch the joy end she tried to hide her pregnancy
From her family who really didn't care to see
Or give a damn if she went out and had a church of kids
As long as when the check came they got first dibs
Now Brenda's belly is gettin' bigger but no one seems to notice
Any change in her figure she's 12 years old and she's having a baby

In love with the molester, who's sexing her crazy and yet she thinks
That he'll be with her forever and dreams of a world when the two of them
We're together, whatever, he left her and she had the baby solo
She had it on the bathroom floor and didn't know so
She didn't know, what to throw away and what to keep
She wrapped the baby up and threw him in the trash heap
I guess she thought she'd get away wouldn't hear the cries
She didn't realize how much the little baby had her eyes

Now the baby's in the trash heap balling, mamma can't help her
But it hurts to hear her calling Brenda wants to run away
Momma say, you makin' me lose pay, the social workers here everyday
Now Brenda's gotta make her own way can't go to her family
They won't let her stay, no money no babysitter, she couldn't keep a job
She tried to sell crack, but end up getting robbed, so now what's next
There ain't nothin', left to sell, so she sees sex as a way of leavin' hell
It's payin' the rent, so she really can't complain, prostitute found slain
And Brenda's her name, she's got a baby

Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby

Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby

Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby

Tupac - I Ain't Mad At Cha* Lyrics

Change, shit
I guess change is good for any of us
Whatever it take for any of ya'll niggaz to get up out the hood
Shit, I'm wit cha, I ain't mad at cha
Got nuttin' but love for ya, do your thing boy

Yeah, all the homies that I ain't talk to in a while
I'ma send this one out for ya'll, knahmean?
'Cause I ain't mad at cha
Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there, kickin' up dust
Givin' a motherfucker,
Yeah, niggaz 'cause I ain't mad at cha

Now we was once two niggaz of the same kind
Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line
You was just a little smaller but you still roll
Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swoll

Member when you had a jheri curl didn't quite learn
On the block, witcha glock, trippin' off sherm
Collect calls to the till, sayin' how ya changed
Oh, you a Muslim now, no more dope game

Heard you might be comin' home, just got bail
Wanna go to the mosque, don't wanna chase tail
I seems I lost my little homie he's a changed man
Hit the pen and now no sinnin' is the game plan

When I talk about money all you see is the struggle
When I tell you I'm livin' large you tell me it's trouble
Congratulation on the weddin', I hope your wife know
She got a playa for life, and that's no bullshitin'

I know we grew apart, you probably don't remember
I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her
And I can see us after school, we'd bomb
On the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on

Now the whole shit's changed, and we don't even kick it
Got a big money scheme and you ain't even with it
Knew in my heart you was the same motherfucker bad
Go toe to toe when it's time for roll you got a brother's back

And I can't even trip, 'cause I'm just laughin' at cha
You tryin hard to maintain, then go head
'Cause I ain't mad at cha
I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad, at cha
(I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad, at cha

We used to be like distant cousins, fightin', playin' dozens
Whole neighborhood buzzin', knowin' that we wasn't
Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs
I'm gettin' blitzed and I reminisce on all the times we shared

Besides bumpin' n grindin' wasn't nothin' on our mind
In time we learned to live a life of crime
Rewind us back, to a time was much too young to know
I caught a felony lovin' the way the guns blow

And even though we separated, you said that you'd wait
Don't give nobody no coochie while I be locked up state
I kiss my mama goodbye, and wipe the tears from her lonely eyes
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived

Don't shed a tear, 'cause mama I ain't happy here
I'm through trial, no more smiles, for a couple years
They got me goin' mad, I'm knockin' busters on they backs
In my cell, thinkin', "Hell, I know one day I'll be back"

As soon as I touch down
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked down
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin' at cha
'Cause youse a down ass bitch, and I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad, at cha
(I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad, at cha
(A true down ass bitch, and I ain't mad at cha)

Well, guess who's movin' up, this nigga's ballin' now
Bitches be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down
He went from nuttin' to lots, ten carats to rock
Went from a nobody nigga to the big, man on the block

He's Mister local celebrity, addicted to move a key
Most hated by enemy, escape in the luxury
See, first you was our nigga but you made it, so the choice is made
Now we gotta slay you why you faded, in the younger days

So full of pain while the weapons blaze
Gettin' so high off that bomb hopin' we make it, to the better days
'Cause crime pays, and in time, you'll find a rhyme'll blaze
You'll feel the fire from the niggaz in my younger days

So many changed on me, so many tried to plot
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it stop?

'Til God return me to my essence
'Cause even as a adolescents, I refuse to be a convalescent

So many questions, and they ask me if I'm still down
I moved up out of the ghetto, so I ain't real now?
They got so much to say, but I'm just laughin' at cha
You niggaz just don't know, but I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad at cha
(And I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't mad at cha
(Hell nah, I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad at cha
(And I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad at cha
(I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad at cha, no
I ain't mad at cha

Tupac - I Get Around* Lyrics

Aw yeah, I get around
Still clown with the underground
When we come around
Stronger than ever

Back to get wreck, all respect to those who break
Their neck to keep their hoes in check
'Cause oh they sweat a brother majorly
And I don't know why, your girl keeps paging me
She tell me that she needs me, cries when she leaves me
And every time she sees me, she squeeze me, lady take it easy
Hate to sound sleazy, but tease me, I don't want it if it's that easy
Aiyo bust it, baby got a problem saying bye bye
Just another hazard of a fly guy

You ask why, don't matter, my pockets got fatter
Now everybody's looking for the latter
And ain't no need in being greedy
If you wanna see me dial the beeper number
Baby when you need me and I'll be there in a jiffy
Don't be picky, just be happy with this quickie
But when you learn, you can't tie me down
Baby doll, check it out, I get around

What you mean you don't know? [Incomprehensible] I get around
The underground just don't stop for hoes, I get around
Still down with the underground, [Incomprehensible], I get around
Yeah, ayo shock, let them hoes know

Now you can tell from my ever day fits, I ain't rich
So cease and desist with them tricks
I'm just another black man caught up in the mix
Trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
Just 'cause I'm a freak don't mean that we could hit the sheets
Baby I can see, that you don't recognize me
I'm Shock G, the one who put the satin on your panties
Never knew a hooker that could share me, I get [Incomprehensible]

What's up love, how you doing?
Well I've been hanging, sanging, trying to do my thang
Oh, you heard that I was banging
Your home girl you went to school with, that's cool
But did she tell you about her sister and your cousin?
Thought I wasn't, see, weekends were made for Michelob
But it's a Monday, my day, so just let me hit it, yo
And don't mistake my statement for a clown
We can keep in the down low long as you know, that I get around

Tupacalypse now don't stop for hoes, I get around
And round they go

Why I ain't call you? Ha ha, please
Finger tips on the hips as I dip
Gotta get a tight grip, don't slip
Loose lips sink ships, it's a trip
I love the way she licks her lips, see me jocking
Put a little twist in her hips 'cause I'm watching
Conversations on the phone 'til the break of dawn
Now we all alone, why the lights on?
Turn 'em off, time to set it off, get you wet and soft
Something's on your mind, let it off

You don't know me, you just met me, you won't let me
Well if I couldn't have it, why you sweating me?
It's a lot of real Gs doing time
'Cause a groupy bit the truth and told a lie
You picked the wrong guy baby, if you're too fly
You need to hit the door, search for a new guy
'Cause I only got one night in town
Break out or be clown, baby doll are you down? I get around

[illegible]

Tupac - Changes Lyrics

Come on, come on
I see no changes, wake up in the morning and I ask myself
Is life worth living, should I blast myself?
I'm tired of bein' poor and even worse I'm black
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch

Cops give a damn about a negro
Pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero
Give the crack to the kids who the hell cares
One less hungry mouth on the welfare

First ship 'em dope and let 'em deal the brothers
Give 'em guns, step back, watch 'em kill each other
It's time to fight back that's what Huey said
Two shots in the dark, now Huey's dead

I got love for my brother but we can never go nowhere
Unless we share with each other
We gotta start makin' changes
Learn to see me as a brother instead of two distant strangers

And that's how it's supposed to be
How can the devil take a brother, if he's close to me?
I'd love to go back to when we played as kids
But things changed, that's the way it is

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races
We under, I wonder what it takes to make this
One better place, let's erase the wasted

Take the evil out the people they'll be acting right
'Cause mo' black and white is smokin' crack tonight
And only time we chill is when we kill each other
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other

And although it seems heaven sent
We ain't ready, to see a black President
It ain't a secret don't conceal the fact

The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks

But some things will never change
Try to show another way but you stayin' in the dope game
Now tell me, what's a mother to do?
Bein' real don't appeal to the brother in you

You gotta operate the easy way
I made a G today, but you made it in a sleazy way
Sellin' crack to the kid, I gotta get paid
Well hey, well, that's the way it is

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

We gotta make a change
It's time for us as a people to start makin' some changes
Let's change the way we eat, let's change the way we live
And let's change the way we treat each other
You see, the old way wasn't working so it's on us to do
What we gotta do, to survivem

And still I see no changes, can't a brother get a little peace?
There's war in the streets and war in the Middle East
Instead of war on poverty, they got a war on drugs
So the police can bother me

And I ain't never did a crime, I ain't have to do
But now, I'm back with the facts givin' 'em back to you
Don't let 'em jack you up, back you up
Crack you up and pimps smack you up

You gotta learn to hold ya own
They get jealous when they see ya, with ya mobile phone
But tell the cops, they can't touch this
I don't trust this, when they try to rush I bust this

That's the sound of my tool, you say it ain't cool?
My mama didn't raise no fool
And as long as I stay black, I gotta stay strapped
And I never get to lay back

'Cause I always got to worry 'bout the pay backs
Some buck that I roughed up way back
Comin' back after all these years
Rat-a-tat, tat, tat, tat, that's the way it is

That's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

That's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

Some things will never change

Tupac - California Love Lyrics

California love

California knows how to party
California knows how to party
In the city of
In the city of good old Watts
In the city, the city of
We keep it rocking
We keep it rocking

Now let me welcome everybody to the wild, wild west
A state that's untouchable like Eliot Ness
The track hits your eardrum like a slug to your chest
Pack a vest for your jimmy in the city of sex
We in that sunshine state with a bomb-ass hemp beat
The state where you never find a dancefloor empty
And pimps be on a mission for them greens
Lean, mean, money-making machines serving fiends
I been in the game for ten years making rap tunes
Ever since honeys was wearing Sassoon
Now it's '95 and they clock me and watch me
Diamonds shining; looking like I robbed Liberace
It's all good from to the Bay
Your city is the bomb if your city making pay
Throw up a finger if you feel the same way
Dre putting it down for California

California (California) knows how to party (knows how to party)
California (West Coast) knows how to party (yes they do)
In the city of LA (city of LA)
In the city of good old Watts (good old Watts)
In the city, the city of Compton (city of Compton, yeah)
We keep it rocking (keep it rocking)
We keep it rocking

Shake it, shake it, baby
Shake it, shake it
Shake it, baby
Shake it, shake it, mama
Shake it, Cali (shake it, Cali)
Shake it, shake it, baby (that's right...)
Shake it, shake it, baby, baby
Shake it, shake it, mama
Shake it, Cali

Out on bail, fresh out of jail, California dreaming
Soon as I stepped on the scene I'm hearing hoochies screamin'

Fiending for money and alcohol
The life of a Westside player, where cowards die
And it's all war
Only in Cali where we riot, not rally to live and die
In LA we wearing Chucks, not Ballys (that's right...)
Dressed in locs and khaki suits and ride is what we do
Flossing but have caution; we collide with other crews
Famous 'cause we programme worldwide
Let them recognize from to Rosecrans
Bumping and grinding like a slow jam, it's Westside
So you know won't bow down to no man
Say what you say
But give me that bomb beat from Dre
Let me serenade the streets of LA
From to
The Bay Area and back down
Cali is where they put they mack down
Give me love

California knows how to party
California knows how to party
In the city of LA (South Central)
In the city of good old Watts (that's right)
In the city, the city of Compton
We keep it rocking
We keep it rocking

(Yeah, yeah, now make it shake)
Shake it, shake it, baby
Shake it, shake it, shake it, baby
Shake it, shake it, mama
Shake it, Cali (shake it, Cali)
Shake it, shake it, baby (shake it, Cali)
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it, mama (West Coast)
Shake it Cali...

...Yeah... Long Beach in the house... yeah. Oaktown; Oakland definitely in the house..., 'Frisco

Hey, you know LA up in this, where you at? Yeah, Inglewood, Inglewood always up to no good

Even trying to get a piece, baby

Sacramento, Sacramento, where you at? Yeah

Throw it up, y'all, throw it up, throw it up, I can't see you

Tupac - Picture Me Rollin' Lyrics

Yeah, clear enough for ya? Yeah
Why niggaz look mad?
Y'all supposed to be happy I'm free
Y'all niggaz look like y'all wanted me to stay in jail, hoe bustaz

Picture me rollin' in my 500 Benz
I got no love for these niggaz, there's no need to be friends
They got me under surveillance, that's what somebody be tellin'
Know there's dope bein sold, but I ain't the one sellin'

Don't want to be another number
I got a fuckin' gang of weed to keep from goin' under
The federales wanna see me dead, niggaz put prices on my head
Now I got two Rottwillers by me bed, I feed 'em lead

Now I'm released, how will I live? Will God forgive me
For all the dirt a nigga did, to feed kids?
One life to live, it's so hard to be positive
When niggaz shootin' at your crib

Mama, I'm still thuggin', the world is a war zone
My homies is inmates, and most of them dead wrong
Full grown, finally a man, just schemin' on ways
To put some green inside the palms of my empty hands

Just picture me rollin'
Flossin' a Benz on rims that isn't stolen
My dreams is censored, my hopes are gone
I'm like a fiend that finally sees when all the dope is gone
My nerves is wrecked, heart beatin' and my hands is swollen
Thinkin' of the G's I'll be holdin', picture me rollin'

Can you see me now?
Move to the side a little bit so you can get a clear picture
Can you see it? Pictue me rollin'
Yeah nigga, ay but peep how my nigga Syke do it to you
Guess who's back?

I got ki's, comin' from overseas
Cost a nigga two hundred G's
I'm a street comando, Nino for example
This lavish lifestyle is hard to handle

So I got to floss 'cause I'm more like a boss playa
Thug, branded to be a women layer
So many playa haters, imitaters steady swangin'
Make me wanna start back bangin'

So I'm caught up in the game, dress code changed
Packin' forty glocks, contain 'em or rearrange
All that jealousy and envy comin' from my enemies
While I'm sippin' on Re-mi

In front of black Lexus, Chevy's on the roam
Ninety-six big body, sittin' on chrome
As we head up out the zone, stone-facin' is on
You can admire, but don't look too long
I'm livin' a dream with triple beams and my pockets bulgin'
It's hard to imagine, picture me rollin'

Picture, picture me, picture me rollin'
Rollin', picture me rollin'
Wheelin', picture me rollin' in
Picture me, yeah yeah

I gotta get the fuck up in it, formulate a caper
'Cause a nigga straight sufferin' from lack of havin' paper
My bitch fin' to have a bastard, see?
So I needs to hit a lick, drastically
I see some baldin'-ass niggaz and they slippin' in my spot
And, uh, diggin' the plots, checkin' in the park, 'Pac

We caught 'em sleepin', he didn't peep you niggaz creepin'?
This how we do it every weekend
I dump for madness, it's time to count the profit
CPO, we got the bomb spot, nigga time to clock it
I get the liquor, and you could get the females
This crooked shit that we inflictin' gettin' street sales

Move smooth as a motherfucker, me and my nine
Now, I'm as cool as a motherfucker, I'ma get mine
Now we satisfied, got the pockets on swollen
Boss Hog and this 'Pac nigga, picture us rollin'

Rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me, picture me rollin'

Is y'all ready for me? Picture me rollin' roll call
You know there's some muh'fuckers out there I just could not forget about
I wanna make sure they can see me
Number one on my list, Clinton Correctional Facilities

All you bitch ass C.O.'s
Can you niggaz see me from there?
Ballin' on y'all punk ass
Picture me rollin', baby

Yeah, all them niggaz up in them cell blocks

I told y'all niggaz when I come home it's on
That's right nigga, picture me rollin'
Oh, I forgot, the D.A.

Yeah, that bitch had a lot to talk about in court
Can the hoe see me from here?
Can you see me, hoe?
Picture me rollin'

And all you punk police, can you see me?
Am I clear to you?
Picture me rollin' nigga, legit
Free like O.J. all day

You can't stop me
You know I got my niggaz up in this motherfucker
Manute, Pain, Syke, [Incomprehensible], Mopreme
[Incomprehensible]
Can you picture us rollin'? Can you see me hoe?

Is y'all ready for me? We up out this bitch
Any time y'all wanna see me again
Rewind this track right here, close your eyes
And picture me rollin'

Tupac - How Long Will They Mourn Me? Lyrics

How long will they mourn me?
Yeah! This for my nigga Kato
It's still on, nigga
We even got the thug life, thugs for life
Ha ha, how long will they mourn me?
Yeah nigga
2Pac in this muthafucka

All my homies drinking liquor
Tears in everybody's eyes
Niggas cried to mourn a homies homicide
But I can't cry, instead I'm just a shoulder
Damn, why they take another soldier
I load my clip before my eyes blurry, don't worry
I'll get them suckas back before your buried, shit
Retaliate and pull a 187
Do real niggas get to go to Heaven ?

How long will they mourn me, bury me a muthafuckin' G
Bitch don't wanna die, then don't fuck with me
It's kinda hard to be optimistic
When your homies lying dead on the pavement twisted
Y'all don't hear me doe, I'm trying hard to make amends
But I'm losing all my muthafuckin' friends, damn
They should've shot me when I was born
Now I'm trapped in the muthafuckin' storm

How long will they mourn me?
I wish it would have been another
How long will they mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(Got them niggas all dead and shit)
How long will they mourn me?
(Incomprehensible)
I wish it would have been another
(Nate Dogg)
How long will they mourn me?
(Gotta keep this shit goin' on)
How long will they mourn my brother?
(Yo Syke)

How long will they mourn me? Every muthafuckin' day homie
You stayed down when tha other niggas didn't know me
From my heart to the trigga, you my fuckin' nigga
And things won't be the same without you nigga
I remember kickin' back, you wanted to lack
And goin' half on a muthafuckin' hundred sack

Smokin' blunt after blunt and steady drinkin'
Hung around so much, you knew what I was thinkin'

Tell me Lord, why You take Big Kato ?
So confused not knowing which way to go
I'm goin' crazy and runnin' out of fuckin' time
I can't take it, I'm losin' my fuckin' mind
So day after day, ride after ride
We'll hook up on the other side
Watch over your family and your newborn
Till we meet again homie

How long will they mourn me ?
I wish it would have been another
(Yo Kato)
How long will they mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(It's still on nigga)
How long will they mourn me?
I wish it would have been another
(Yeah)
How long will they mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(Rated R, Double Jeopardy, Mack 10)

Damn a nigga tired of feeling sad
I'm tired of putting in work
I'm tired of cryin' while watching my homies leave the earth
I know soon one day I'll be in the dirt
And my peoples'll be mournin'
When they get a call from the coroner

All niggas can say is that's fucked up
And get tossed up, reminiscing how we grew up
(My nigga)
Rest and love to my nigga Kato
See you in the crossroads real soon
For now let me pour out some brew
I'll be always thinkin' of ya homie
Rest in peace, how long will they mourn me ?

Ya know life's a fuckin' trip
And everybody gotta go
But why the fuck it have to be my nigga Kato
Another nigga fell victim to the chrome
It's enough to make you crazy
It's fuckin' with my dome

Ya only live once on this earth
A nigga had it bad, since the day
Of my motherfuckin' birth

But niggas say they down
And they always be my homie
But when a nigga gone

How long will you mourn me? Yeah
I wish it would have been another
(Mack 10 in this muthafucka)
Yeah, how long will you mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(Thug Life boy, Nate blowin' that shit)
I wish it would have been another
(Nate Dogg do that shit nigga)
Yeah, how long will you mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(This for my nigga Kato and all his kids)
How long will you mourn me?
I wish it would have been another

Tupac - Toss It Up Lyrics

The money behind the dreams
My right hand, my other Capo in this big motherfuckin' war we got
My other Capo in this big ass, conglomerate called Death Row
Snoop motherfuckin' Dogg, Tha Doggfather
And who he comin' through right now, Makaveli the Don
Feel this, Killuminati

Lord have mercy, father help us all
Since you supplied yo' phone number, I can't help but call
Time for action, conversatin', we relaxin', kickin' back
Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that

Tongue kissin', hand full of hair, look in my eyes
Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise
Me and you movin' in the nude, do it in the living room
Sweatin' up the sheets, it's the Thug in me

I mean no disrespectin' when I tongue kiss your neck
I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect
Late night, hit the highway, drop the top
I pull over, gettin' busy in the parking lot

And don't you love it how I lick your, hips and glide
Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside
Got ya lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust
I got the bedroom shakin' back-breakin' when we're tossin' it up

In this baby, I like the way it's goin' down
When nobody's around, slip slide ride, givin' me love nice like
Female I like, what I wanna give all night
You and me alone everybody's gone toss it up, baby let's, get it on

I like the way you please me, babe
The sexy way you tease me, sugar
The way you move your body
It really drives me crazy

Your body hypnotizing
Your smell is so exciting
So baby come on home with me
I like the way you give it to me

I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
So I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up

Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on

Ohh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm that want you lady
Ohh, don't act so shady, baby your taste as fine as gravy
The way you move that thang, you make me wanna sang
Girl, you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling

Now the man, I'm here again
Don't want it to ever end
It's feeling too good
Gimme some more, oh lady lady

Your body the kind I like-ah
Big booty titling delight-ah
Bag it up yo, let me in there
Toss it up for me

I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
And I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
Well, I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up

Do you want me what's your phone number, I get around
Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now
Still down for that Death Row sound, searchin' for paydays
No longer Dre Day, arrivederci

Blown and forgotten, rotten for plottin' Child's Play
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move
Cross Death Row, now who you gon' run to?

Lookin' for suckers 'cause you similar
Pretendin' to be hard, oh my God, check your temperature
Screamin' Compton, but you can't return, you ain't heard
Brothers pissed 'cause you switched and escaped to the burbs

Mob on to this new era, 'cause we Untouchable
Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushin' you
Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed
Who can you trust, only time reveals, toss it up

Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up

Tellin' lies, who? Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon
You still ain't touchin' us, all that peace talk

I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the street boy
It's on, toss it up, we took you on, and we took y'all beat
You know we beat you down, and we took y'all beat
'Cause you wasn't rockin' it right
Tired of suckers rockin' it, toss it up, is how we did it
Yeah, toss it up now

Tupac - Dear Mama Lyrics

You are appreciated

[Verse One: 2Pac]

When I was young me and my mama had beef
Seventeen years old kicked out on the streets
Though back at the time, I never thought I'd see her face
Ain't a woman alive that could take my mama's place
Suspended from school; and scared to go home, I was a fool
with the big boys, breakin all the rules
I shed tears with my baby sister
Over the years we was poorer than the other little kids
And even though we had different daddy's, the same drama
When things went wrong we'd blame mama
I reminice on the stress I caused, it was hell
Huggin on my mama from a jail cell
And who'd think in elementary?
Heeey! I see the penitentiary, one day
And runnin from the police, that's right
Mama catch me, put a whoopin to my backside
And even as a crack fiend, mama
You always was a black queen, mama
I finally understand
for a woman it ain't easy tryin to raise a man
You always was committed
A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how ya did it
There's no way I can pay you back
But the plan is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated

[Chorus: Reggie Green & "Sweet Franklin" w/ 2Pac]

Lady...
Don't cha know we love ya? Sweet lady
Dear mama
Place no one above ya, sweet lady
You are appreciated
Don't cha know we love ya?

[second and third chorus, "And dear mama" instead of "Dear mama"]

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

Now ain't nobody tell us it was fair
No love from my daddy cause the coward wasn't there
He passed away and I didn't cry, cause my anger
wouldn't let me feel for a stranger

They say I'm wrong and I'm heartless, but all along
I was lookin for a father he was gone
I hung around with the Thugs, and even though they sold drugs
They showed a young brother love
I moved out and started really hangin
I needed money of my own so I started slangin
I ain't guilty cause, even though I sell rocks
It feels good puttin money in your mailbox
I love payin rent when the rent's due
I hope ya got the diamond necklace that I sent to you
Cause when I was low you was there for me
And never left me alone because you cared for me
And I could see you comin home after work late
You're in the kitchen tryin to fix us a hot plate
Ya just workin with the scraps you was given
And mama made miracles every Thanksgivin
But now the road got rough, you're alone
You're tryin to raise two bad kids on your own
And there's no way I can pay you back
But my plan is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

Pour out some liquor and I reminsce, cause through the drama
I can always depend on my mama
And when it seems that I'm hopeless
You say the words that can get me back in focus
When I was sick as a little kid
To keep me happy there's no limit to the things you did
And all my childhood memories
Are full of all the sweet things you did for me
And even though I act craaazy
I gotta thank the Lord that you made me
There are no words that can express how I feel
You never kept a secret, always stayed real
And I appreciate, how you raised me
And all the extra love that you gave me
I wish I could take the pain away
If you can make it through the night there's a brighter day
Everything will be alright if ya hold on
It's a struggle everyday, gotta roll on
And there's no way I can pay you back
But my plan is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated

[Chorus]

Sweet lady
And dear mama

Dear mama
Lady [3X]

Tupac - All About U* Lyrics

Ah yeah, yeah, it's all 'bout u, one time
I'ma say it's all 'bout u baby, yeah
Ha ha, for the bitches that think it's all 'bout u
It's all 'bout u

This Dru Down in the house, with my boy 'Pizznac
You know what I'm sayin'? It's all 'bout u
Yeah I'm gon' say it's all 'bout u
But you know I'm lyin' though, hah, yeah

You probably crooked as the last trick, want it light
But how I got my ass caught up with this bad bitch
Thinkin' I had her but she had me in the long run
It's just my luck I'm stuck with fuckin' with the wrong one, uh

Wise decisions, based on lies we livin'
Scandalous times, this game's like my religion
You could be rollin' with a thug
Instead you with this weak scrub, lookin' for some love

In every club, I see you starin' like you want it
Well baby if you got it better flaunt it
Let the liquor help you get up on it
I'm still tipsy from last night

Bumpin' these walls as I pause, addicted to the fast life
I try to holla but you tell me you taken
Sayin' you ain't impressed, with the money I'm makin'
Guess it's true what they tellin' me

Fresh out of jail, life's Hell for a black, celebrity
So that's the reason why I call, and maybe you widdit
Fantasies of us sweatin', can I hit it?
Addicted to the things you do, but still true
What I'm sayin' boo, is this is all 'bout u

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe
(Yeah nigga, ha ha ha ha)

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

I make a promise if you go with me, just let me know
I'll have you hollerin' my name out before I leave

Nobody loves me I'm a thug nigga, I only hung out
With the criminals and the drug dealers, I love niggaz

'Cause we comin' from the same place
Witness me holla at a hoochie, see how quick, the game takes
How can I tell her I'm a playa, and I don't even care
Creep though, weed smoke's into the air

Everywhere I go, it's all about the groupie hoes
Waitin' for niggaz at the end, of every show
I just seen you in my friends video
Could never put a bitch before my friends, so here we go

Follow the leader and peep the drama that I'm goin' through
It's all 'bout u ha ha ha, yeah nigga
It's all 'bout u

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Is you sick from the dick, or is it the flu?
It ain't about you or your bitch ass crew
Every other city we go and every video
Explain to a nigga why I see the same shitty hoe

You think it's all 'bout u? Well boo
I gets Down like Dru and my nasty new niggaz, too
You couldn't hold me back, it'd take a fatter track
A lyrical attack, perhaps, it was a visual bluff

When I started to snaps all your rode 'em swoll
Straight in control, flows'll fold, while hoes cold stroll
Hold the set, I told Dramacy' go in next
Gold diggin', cold diggin' a gold Rolex

I slide in easily, try a grizzly
Sluts know the cuts, I came to fuck, try skeezin' me
Runnin' up in ya just like Bruce Jenner when I bend ya
At the most, I fucked a bitch from the West Coast to West Virginia

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video
(I'm tellin' ya it's the same ol' shit)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe
(I mean)

Goddamn, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'm sittin' back, watchin' Montell Jordan video
I see the same bitch, who was in
My homeboy Nate Dogg video

Then I flip the channel
I'm checkin' out my homeboy Tupac video
I see the same bitch that was in my video
You know what I'm sayin'?

And then you know what I'm sayin'?
What make that even mo' fucked up
I'm watchin' a Million Man March
And I see the same bitch, on the Million Man March

That was in, the homeboy Warren G video
I mean, damn, everywhere I look, everywhere I go
I see the same hoe, don't get mad, I'm only bein' real
Yeah

Tupac - To Live And Die In L.A.* Lyrics

(feat. Val Young)

[Dominique] Street Science, you're on the air [static]
What do you feel when you hear a record like Tupac's new one? [static]
[Man responds] I love Tupac's new record [static]
[Dominique]
Right, but don't you feel like that creates [static]
a tension between East and West? [static]
He's talking about killing people [static]
I had sex with your wife and not in those words [static]
but he's talking about I wanna see you deceased [static]

[Intro: Makaveli]

No doubt... to live and die in LA
California -- what you say about Los Angeles
Still the only place for me that never rains in the sun and everybody got love

[Verse One: Makaveli]

To live and die in LA, where everyday we try to fatten our pockets
Us niggas hustle for the cash so it's hard to knock it
Everybody got they own thang, currency chasing
Worldwide through the hard times, worrying faces
Shed tears as we bury niggas close to heart
What was a friend now a ghost in the dark, cold hearted about it
Nigga got smoked by a fiend, trying to floss on him
Blind to a broken man's dream, a hard lesson
Court cases keep me guessing, plea bargain ain't an option now,
So I'm stressing, cost me more to be free than a life in the pen
Making money off of cuss words, writing again
Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen
Late night down Sunset liking the scene
What's the worst they could do to a nigga got me lost in hell
To live and die in LA on bail, my angel sing

[Chorus: Val Young]

To live and die in LA, it's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it, what everybody wanna see
[repeat 2X]

[Verse Two: Makaveli]

It's the City of Angels and constant danger
South Central LA, can't get no stranger
Full of drama like a soap opera, on the curb
Watching the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe
So many niggas getting three strikes, tossed in jail
I swear the pen the right across from hell, I can't cry
'cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now

Living life Thug style, so I can't smile
Writing to my peoples when they ask for pictures
Thinking Cali just fun and bitches, ha ha ha
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's
All them other niggas copycats, these is G's
I love Cali like I love woman
'cause every nigga in LA got a little bit of Thug in him
We might fight amongst each other, but I promise you this
We'll burn this bitch down, get us pissed
To live and die in LA
(Let my angel sing)

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Makaveli]
'cause would it be LA without Mexicans?
Black love brown pride and the sets again
Pete Wilson trying to see us all broke, I'm on some bullshit
Out for everything they owe, remember K-DAY
Weekends, Crenshaw -- MLK
Automatics rang free, niggas lost they way
Gang signs being showed, nigga love your hood
But recognize and it's all good, where the weed at?
Niggas getting shermed out
Snoop Dogg in this motherfucker perved out, M.O.B.
Big Suge in the Low-Low, bounce and turn
Dogg Pound in the Lex, with a ounce to burn
Got them Watts niggas with me, OFTB
They got some hash took the stash left the rest for me
Neckbone, Tre, Head Ron, Punchy too
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hoping it pay
Getting high watching time fly, to live and die in LA
(Let my angel sing)

[Chorus]

[Outro: Makaveli]
This go out for 92.3, and 106
All the radio stations that be bumping my shit
Making my shit sells katruple quitraple platinum, he he
This go out to all the magazines that supported me
All the real motherfuckers
All the stores, the mom and pop spots
A&R people, all you all motherfuckers
LA, California Love part motherfucking Two
Without gay ass Dre

Tupac - Heartz Of Men* Lyrics

Ahh, Suge what did I tell you nigga
When I come out of jail what was I gonna do
I was gonna start diggin' into these niggas chest, right
Watch this, hey Quik let me see them binoculars, nigga
Them binoculars

Ha ha ha ha, yah nigga time to ride
Grab your bullet proof vest nigga
Cause its gonna be a long one
Now me and Quik gonna tell you niggas
How its like on this side
The real side
Now on this ride its gonna be some real mutha-fuckas
And there is gonna be some pussys
Now the real niggas are gonna be the ones with
Money and bitches
The pussys are gonna be the niggas
On the floor bleeding
Now everybody keep your eyes on the prize
Cause the ride gets tricky
See you got some niggas on your side
That say they your friends But in real life they your enemies
And then you got some mutha-fuckas that say they your enemies
But in real life they eyes is on your money
See the enemies say the truth
But in real life those niggas will be the snitches
Its a dirty game y'all
Y'all got ta be careful about who you fuck with
And who you don't fuck with
Cause the shit get wild y'all
Keep your mind on your riches, Baby
Keep your mind on your riches

9-1-1 Its a emergency cowards tried to murder me
From the hood to the 'burbs, everyone of you niggas heard of me
Shit I'm legendary niggas scary and paralyzed
Nothing more I despise than a liar and cowards die
My mama told me When I was to see
Just a vicious mutha fucker while these devils left me free
I proceed to make them shiver when I deliver
Criminal lyrics from a world wide mob figure
Thug niggas from everywhere Mr. Makaveli
Niggas is waiting for some thug shit thats what they tell me
So many rumors but I'm infinite Immortal Outlaw
Switching up on you ordinary bitches
Like a south paw you gettin left
And every breath I breathe untill the moment I'm deceased

Will be another moment ballin' as a G
I rip the crowd then I start again
Internally I live in sin untill the moment
That they let me breathe again
The heartz of men

The Heartz of Men

My lyrical verge with so much pain that
To some niggas it hurts My guns bust
And if you ain't one of us it gets worse
Bitch niggas get their eyes swoll and fly mode
I'm an homicidal outlaw and five-o get your lights on
Fight long, tonights gonna be a fucking fight so we might roll
My own homies saying I'm heart less
But I'm a G to this 'til the day I'm gone thats regardless
Drive-by and niggas bow down
I thought I'd rot in jail, paid bail, well niggas out now
Throw up your hands if your thugged out
First nigga act up first nigga getting drugged out
I can be a villian if yah let me
I'll Mutha fuck yah if yah too upset me
Tell the cops to come and get me
Rip the crowd like a phone number
Start again, don't have no mutha fuckin' friends nigga
Look inside the heartz of men

In The Heartz of Men In The Heartz of Men

To all me niggas engaged in making money in the fifty states
Keep your mind on your chips and fuck a punk bitch
No longer living in fear my pistol close in hand
Convinced this is my year like I'm the chosen man
Give me my money and label me as a Don
If niggas is having problems smoke fire and bomb them
I died and came back
I hustle with these lyrics as if its a game of crack
Thugishness is in my spirit
I'm lost and not knowing scar'd up but still flowing
Energized and still going
Uhh, can it be fate that makes a sick mutha fucka break
On these jealous ass coward 'cause they evil and fake
What will it take?
Give me that bass line I'm feeling bombed
Deathrow baby don't be alarmed
The homie Quik gave a nigga beat and let me start again
Represent cause I've been sent
The heartz of men